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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Cobler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

Date of the only known edition, ... 1594
(Dyce Collection, South Kensington.)
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Cobler's Prophecy,

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The Cobler's Prophecy.

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This facsimile reprint is from the perfect Dyce copy at S. Kensington: the B.M. example lacks signature E.

Other plays attributed, more or less certainly to Wilson, are "The Pedler's Prophecy," "The Three Ladies of London," and "The Three Lords and the Three Ladies of London."

Sir Sidney Lee, in his notice of Wilson in the "D.N.B." (q.v.), seems to take it for granted that he was the author of "The Three Ladies of London," and (of course) also of the "Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," the second being practically a continuation of the first. That Wilson had a reputation as a writer of plays is manifest from the reference by Thomas Lodge, in his "Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays," against the attacks of Stephen Gosson, whose "School of Abuse" was the occasion of Philip Sidney's noble "Apologie for Poetry." Lodge, in his defence, declares that he preferred Wilson's "short and sweet" drama on "Catiline" to Gosson's play on the same subject. Wilson's play on "Catiline" is no longer extant, though (as Sir Sidney Lee mentions) Philip Henslowe, on the 21st August, 1598, advanced 10/- to Robert Wilson on the security of his play of "Catiline," which he was writing in conjunction with Henry Chettle. Wilson's "Catiline" is lost; still, Henslowe's testimony to its existence is valuable.

As regards the other attributed plays, the "Cobler's Prophesie" bears Wilson's name on the title page, and there can be no doubt that the writer of the "Cobler's Prophesie" was also the writer of the "Pedler's Prophesie."

There is little, if anything, to record of note concerning the mechanical reproduction of this facsimile. The printing is, generally speaking, of the same uniform excellent standard which long experience has assured to this series: an experience (in October, 1911) extending over seventy-six volumes!

JOHN S. FARMER.

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THE COBLERS Propheſie.

Written by Robert Wilſon. Gent.

Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie: and are to be ſold at his ſhop nere the Royall-Exchange.

1594.

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THE COBLERS Propheſie.

Enter Iupiter *and* Iuno, Mars *and* Venus, Apollo, *after him*, Bacchus, Vulcan *limping, and after all* Diana *wringing her hands: they paſſe by, while on the ſtage* Mercurie *from one end* Ceres *from another meete.*

CERES.

FReſh Mayas ſonne, fine witcrafts greateſt God,
Herrald of heauen, ſoule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou witſt, why theſe celeſtiall powers
Are thus aſſembled in Bœotia.

Mercurie: Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting ſouls,
VVhoſe Altars are adornde with ripend ſheaues.
Know [illegible] ſecuritie chiefe nurſe of ſinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Bœotia.
The old are ſcorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars ſacred to the Gods.

Heauen is long suffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerfest men:
which made the awful Ruler of the rest,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:
The first was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harnesse is conuerted to soft silke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That scandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The last poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That she is left sweet virgin post alone.
I am but messenger, and must not denounce
Til the high senate of the Gods decree it,
But sacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen shall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So pleasde it mighty Ioue the doome were iust,
Amongst that holy traine what needs there lust.

Mercurie: I see a sort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauing of his rod,
And holy spels inioines to sit and see,
th'effectuall working of a Prophesie.

Ceres: And Ceres sheds her sweetest swetes in plentie,

Cast Comfets.

That while ye stay their pleasure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canst in wanton lusts disgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
Will I aduise me of a messenger
That will not faint: will not said I?
Nay shall not faint sent forth by Mercurie.
I am resolud, the next I meete with be it he or she,
To doo this message shall be sent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his stoole, his implements and shooes, and

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,
hey downe downe a downe a.
Our beauty is the braueſt Laſſe in all the towne a:
For beauties ſweete ſake, I ſleepe when I ſhould wake,
ſhee is ſo nut browne a.
Her cheekes ſo red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,
So that I cannot chooſe in cobling of my ſhooes,
but ſing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your faſhion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle ſtill be ſinging loue ſongs its

Raph: Content your ſelfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue ſong neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatiō

Ze: well year beſt leaue ſinging and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

R: And you were beſt leaue your ſcolding too, & get you a-

z: And I come to you Raph, Ile courſe ye as I did a ſaterday

R: Courſe me ſnowns, I would thou durſt come out of dore,
And thou doſt Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.
was not this luſtily ſpoken? I warrant ſhe dare not come out

Enter Zeloza.

Ze: Ile ſee what ycele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creepes vnder the ſtoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the ſtoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Aſſe, this dizzardly foole.

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets ſee what thou canſt ſay,
Beſtirre your Diſtaffe, doo the worſt ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to ſee this ſight,
My Raph is transformed to a wicked ſpright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, *I* am here vnder the ſtoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a ſprite indeede, a fiend which will purſue thee ſtill,
Vntill *I* take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth ſhalt be mad:

And

And neuer ſhall thy fooliſh braine cut off this frantick fit,
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit.

He charmes her with his rod.

Rap: Nay ſhe is mad enough alreadie,
For ſhe will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, ſhele kill me out right.

Zel: Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a ſpright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be goſſippe,
The childe ſhall not be chriſtned to night.
Goe to the back-houſe for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made ſuch a mome.
And becauſe thou haſt a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purſe by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

Here ſhe runnes about the ſtage ſnatching at euerie thing ſhee ſees.

Raph: Out of doubt ſhe is mad indeed,
See what a coyle ſhe doth keepe,

Mer. Raph ſhe ſhall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her faſt a ſleepe.

Zel: Come Raph, lets goe ſleepe, for thou muſt mend Queene Guiniuers ſhooes to morrow.
I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So ſleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph: Come forth quoth he marrie God bleſſe vs.
Now you haue made my wife mad what ſhal become of me?

Mar: Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee.

Rap: VVell Ile truſt you for once, what ſay yee. (bed

Mer: Raph hie thee home, & thou ſhalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets ſute ſhal ſtand thee in good ſtead
A prophet thou muſt be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

Raph A Prophet ſpeaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Meſſenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is ſome Gods.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man of his companie,
And hinder him to be your Prophet ſpeaker,
And when ye ſet him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

Mer: I muſt charme him aſleepe, or he will ſtill be prating.
Ile pleaſe thee well, I pre thee Raph ſit downe.

Raph Now I am ſet, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but firſt attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod aſleepe.

Not farre hence ſtandeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus ſee thou ſay,

Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wont ſt to croe by day,
And with thy ſharpned ſpurres
the crauen Cockes didſt kill and ſlay:
Sith now thou doſt but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay:
A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
ſhall ſtilie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
ſhall carrie her away,
And ſhe by him ſhall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
thou ſhalt the better learne:
When thou ſhalt onelie letters fiue
within one name diſcerne,
Three vowels and two conſonants,
vvhich vovvels if thou ſcan,
Doth ſound that vvhich to euerie pace
conducteth euerie man.

Then call to minde this Propheeie,
for thats the baſtards name:
Then rouſe thy ſelfe, then reach thy ſword,
and win thy wonted fame.

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came. *Exit.*

Raph ſtretches himſelfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue ſlept ſoundly:
And me thought in my ſleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cauſe why.
Aboue me thought I ſaw God Shebiter,
that marlouſly did frowne,
With a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.
Below me thought there were falſe knaues
walking like honeſt men verie craftely:
And few or none could be plainly ſeene
to thriue in the world by honeſtie.
Me thought I ſaw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purſes while they were ſtriuing for a gnat.
And ſome that dwelt in ſtreetes were large and faire,
Kept backe ſhops to vtter their baddeſt ware.
What meddle I with trades? Men maſters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,
Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till ſhe ran mad.
But O the Baker, how he plaid falſe with the ballance,
And ran away from the takers tallants.
The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,
For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill,
And with the ſtroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,
I loſt ſight of all the other trickes,
and ſo ſodainly did wake.
But now muſt Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye ſhall heare me troll it out after my faſhion. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sateros *a ſouldier, and* Contempt *naming himſelfe* Content.

Sat: Thus haue I ſerued in my Princes warres,
Againſt the Perſian and the Aſian Powers:
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my loſſe of blood.
My ſcarres are witnes of my hard eſcapes:
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefeſt prime)
Are glaſſes of my griefe, lights of my languor,
That liue diſgraced, and haue deſerued honor.

Cont: I am the admiredſt in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou ſhalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo ſouldiers honor,
And wert thou one of theſe, I would adore thee.

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
To ſit and rule the harts of all degrees,
They haue in me content, as thou ſhalt ſee
A preſent inſtance in theſe entring men.

Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and a Countrey Gentleman.

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineſt excelence.

Schol: Content our ſweeteſt good, we doo ſalute thee.

Cour: Though laſt *I* am not leaſt in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygeros*, which ſignifieth Contempt, you would not miſtake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Maſ ſcholler be patient, for though you like not my name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward with the diſcourſe intended at our laſt meeting: and in that conference this Gentleman a ſouldier, *I* preſume will make one.

Cour: Being a ſoldier, his companie is fit for anie honeſt gentleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: *I* thanke you ſir.

Soul: Though the Courtier ſpeake him faire, in hart I knowe he diſdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obſerues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you ſir. *Enter Raph.*

Raph Sir: what ſir, or what ſtir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem noſtrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar; and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

Raph As I am? No ye little gooſecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and ſent me of a meſſage to the blundring God of the thundring waire, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your noſe little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs heare theſe Gentlemen diſpute.

Raph VVill they ſpout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Propheſie.

Cont: No, thou and I will ſit ſtill, and giue our iudgemeents of this controuerſie.

Raph VVell content, but Ile ſpeake my minde when I liſt, thats flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you pleaſe begin.

Emn: Firſt I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it ſelfe alone is able to make my Eſtate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend ſuters, praying, paying, and promiſing more, than either ſometimes they are able to performe, or I at moſt times expect.

Raph Thats true, for I was a ſuter three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promiſt more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emn: At the entertainment of ſtrangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowſhip of diuine-

eſt

est beautie, and sweete consort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inuenting syllogisimes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowsing among his prating companions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I consort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flatrie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your silkes.

Epm: VVhy *I* haue been where thou darest not come.

Soul: *I* thats in the Mercers booke, where *I* will not come.

Raph A word with ye Mas souldier.

Soul: Now sir.

Raph Tis cause the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sconce for ye; youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere despised, yet am *I* a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, *I* rescued the colours of Boeotia. *I* haue had honywords and soine reward, too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers obserue lawes, therein appeares their iuliet, at least equalling the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, their triumphing euer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. *In* briefe, they are the swords of heaun to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number beeing not the meanest, *I* thinke my selfe nothing inferiour to anie of these Gentlemen.

Raph But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, *I* in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassailes) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to displease me, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to bee leuied, *I* tuch not mine owne store, for on them *I* take it: and *I*

may say to you with some surplusage: my wood they bring me home, my hay and corne in harvest: their cattell, seruants, sonnes, and selues, are at my commaund.

Schol: *O iure, quaque iniuria.*

Raph Nay and you speake Latin, reach me my laste. Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time shall come not long before the doome,
That in despite of Roome,
Latin shall lacke,
And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not sober that goes in blacke.
Goe too scholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Contr: At my list can *I* rack their rents, set them to fines, bind them to forfets, force them to what *I* please. *If I* build, they bee my labourers: if bargaine, on them *I* build: and for my good looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers song.
The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
VVhich ye digd to make your selues rich,
The chimnies so manie, and almes not anie,
The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in streete that lies,
The bitter sweate and paine
That tenants poore sustaine,
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,
When burning fire shall raine,
And fill with botch and blaine
The sinew and each vaine.
Then these poore that crie,
Being lifted vp on hie,
VVhen you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to scorne.
Then where will be the schollers allegories,
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,
VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.
Bethinke me can I no where els,
But in hell where Diues dwels.
But I ſee ye care not yet,
And thinke theſe words for me vnfit,
And geſſe I ſpeake for lacke of wit:
Stand aſide, ſtand aſide, for I am diſpoſed to ſpit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler ſpeake.

Raph I giue him retoritie: to it.

Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly poſſeſſes, the Countrey Gentleman with curſſes, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my ſtudie I contemplate what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thouſands doo with pikes, I ſtrike him that ſees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I ſee the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makeſt no haſt thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curſt wiues and Coblers ſhops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I poſſeſſe pleaſure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coyneſſe.

Schol: I will not acquaint you ſir with my intent, for they are fooles that in ſecret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occaſion.

Soldier: Faith Maſter Scholler yet it ſtands not with your proteſtation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude faſhion.

Soldier:

Soul: Alas sir, you must needes be excelent: for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheese is seldom denied to anie, when your small beere is scarse common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Grasier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler.

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what *I*, doe with mine owne?

S. *I* alls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

Countr: Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul: *I* master Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.

Schol: This souldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame.

Cont: Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul: VVhere *I* frequent this habit serues my turne: and as goodly a sight were it to see you there in your silkes, as the scholler skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke.

Raph VVhat, riding running, braying, bralling,
I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:
Therefore *I* will not bee so mad,
To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

Cont: Prethee Raph stay a little.

Raph: Little little seeing God, *I* shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

Con: Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

Emn: Marry we will all to the eighteene pence Ordinary, how say ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No sir, not *I*, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol: VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How saye you master souldier?

Soul: No sir *I* must turne one of your meales into three. And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Cour: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue serud well for the table.

Soul:

Soul: thats a practise of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns.

Cour: Nay then I perceiue yee grow choilericke, come sirs,

They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our selues dutifull.

Con: It is enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould: Faith sir as I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and defie thee.

Con: Euen as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raisons, which of it selfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for proote, wanting liuing raylst on the City, grieust at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a suplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herein thou reasonest like thy selfe,
Base minded men I know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish:
But for the noble souldier, he is iust
To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly insolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his contents,
And he is foe to all that loue contempt.

Contempt: Then Sater os thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*
Souldier: No, Vpſtart ſcorners are fit ſlaues for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, *and* Thalia: Clio *with a penknife,* Melpomine *being idle,* Thalia *writing.*

Thalia: Clio a pen.
Clio: Both pen and quill I miſſe.
Thalia: One Eſtridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.
Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird ſhew what the wearers be.
Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.
Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond fooliſh men.
Raph: Foole: no foole neither though none of the wiſeſt Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.
Mil: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?
Raph: Raph Cob.
Clio: Ier, ſpeake out.
Raph: Ye ha it yfaith.
Thal: A pen a pen in haſt,
That I may write this Pageant ere it be paſt.
Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, I le ſtand out of the greene mens way for burning my veſtment.
Thal: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me ſtay.
Clio: Make ſhift a while you ſhall haue this ſtraight way.
Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,
For I vſe no ſuch toole,
Thou ſhouldſt haue none an it,
For at my firſt comming thou caldſt me foole.
Tha: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.
Clio: Hold there's thy pen.

Raph:

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you make pens so fast trow we.

Enter souldier.

Clio: O sisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A silly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I warrant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.
But art thou a souldier?

Sould: Yea Lady.

Mel: The better welcome vnto me.

Tha: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

Tha: Be whist awhile, Ile tell thee by and by.

Raph: Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: Thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three such Goddesses on the sodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine muses.

Eccho: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

Eccho: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho: Mocs thee.

Raph: Mocks me much.

Eccho: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho: Good Raph.

Raph: Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Eicho: I call thee.

Raph: Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee; and

I knew where thou art.

Eccho: Thou art.

Raph: Art? faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Eccho: Part.

Raph: Part: Ile come.

Eccho: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee. *Exit.*

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke: and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things, I should be greatly bound.

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

Sould: First would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are here of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and disgesting al things, and builds hir neast in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Cammels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and disgesting the widdowes wrongs, Fooliſh, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demaund the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

For

For me there is no worke no tragicke scene,
Battailes are done, the people liue in rest,
They shed no teares but are secure past meane,
Sould: VVhy lend you not Thalia then some pens?
Mel: My pens are too too sharpe to fit hir stile,
I shall haue time to vse them in a while.
Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.
Cleo: It may be well, Ihaue done writing I,
Sould: VVhat did you register when you did write?
Clio: The works of famous Kings, and sacred Priests,
The honourable Acts of leaders braue,
The deeds of Codri, and Horatij.
The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans state,
The liues of auncient Sages and their sawes,
Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.
Now there is no such thing for to indite
But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write.
Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.
Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,
But most men ouer slip them.
And diuers dying giue good gifts,
But their executors nip them.
Mel: Tisiphone is stepping to the stage, and she hath sworne to whip them.
Sou. The third and last thing I require is if you can:
shew me the mightie Mars his court.
Mel: VValke hence a flight shoot vp the hill,
And thou shalt see his castle wall.
Soul. Ladies the gifts that I can giue,
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all. *Exit.*
Mel: Farewell poore souldier.
Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you cald for pens euen now so hastely, to end?
Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long since sent downe,*
Pleasure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguisde in pleasures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning trim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where you end,
I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

Thalia: Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio; Tush come lets mount the Mount. *Exeunt.*

Enter Raph Cobler *whooping.*

Ra:-VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call againe to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, *I* and againe too, *I* trow,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while *I* thinke,
There will come so many my boate will sinke,

Ra: Ouer stix *I* and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou *I* pray thee tell?

VVhy

C: VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: VVhy what a diuel doo *I* with thee?

Three or foure vvithin: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

A ſmall voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This ſhould bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

C: why men & women euery houre, *I* know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This ſhould be the voice of ſome great man.

C: VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than *I* number can,
But the couetous miſers they fret me to the gall,
I thinke they bring their money to hell,
For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money ſtirring on the earth.

A voice haſtilie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: VVhy what art thou that makſt ſuch haſt?

voice: The Ghoſt of a gray Frier.
So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,
Therefore good Charon let me be firſt,
That ouer the Foord ſhall paſ.

C: Come ſirra, thou hearſt what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I geſſe,
VVhy I am no ſpirite but liuing Raph,
And God Markedie ſends me of buſines.

Ch: Tuſh, if thou be ſent of God, we cannot hold thee farewel.

Enter Codrus.

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing ſueſt to go to hell?

Codrus: The wretcheſt man of wretches moſt that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Diſpiſde,

Diſpiſde, diſdainde, ſtarude, whipt and ſcornd,
Preſt through diſpaire my ſelfe to quell,
I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell:
All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.
Cha: I come, I come.
Rap: Nay *I* prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.
Cha: Codrus *I* cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,
Theres ſcarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.
But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:
Becauſe *I* ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,
To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.
And now the time will not bee long, for theis commiſſion gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger bote,
A bote ſaid *I*? nay a whole hulke:
And that the ſame may ſafely flote,
Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton
Shal al be digged into Styx:
For where one wont to come to hell,
I tel thee now comes fiue or ſixe.
For ignorance that wont to be,
Is wilful blindnes now become,
So thou muſt come when roome is made,
I tel thee yet there is no roome.
Raph: *I* pre thee tel me one thing.
Ch: That *I* wil Raph whats the matter?
Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe ſomuch the water?
Cha: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot waſh it off. Codrus farewell.
Co: Charon Adieu. *Exit.*
Ra: Boteſman?
Ch: Hagh. *Exit.*
Ra: Theres a ſcoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell

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VVell I muſt to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my ſouldier agen. *Exit.*

Enter Emnius *Courtier ſolus.*

Emn: Euen as the Eagle ſoares againſt the ſunne,
And ſpite of Phœbus ſhine, pries in his face:
Euen as the ſwordfiſh meetes the mighty VVhale,
And puts the hugie monſter to diſgrace,
So Emnius thoughts intending to aſpire
Sore gainſt the ſunne, and fleete in wrathfull yre:
The Duke the ſunne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-beares mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the ſwordfiſh though he little feares mee.
The leſſe ſuſpected ſooner ſhall I ſtrike him,
And this my reaſon is for I miſlike him.
His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I diſdaine her were ſhee fairer farre:
Tuſh tis for rule I caſt and Princely throne,
The ſtate of Prince, brighter than brighteſt ſtarre.
And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?
And therefore who ſhould periſh but the Duke?
Shortly a ſolemne hunting he entends,
And who but I is put in chiefeſt truſt?
VVell Ile be truſtie if my Piſtol hold,
In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniuſt.
He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And ſo ſhall winne a Crowne by one mans ſlaughter,
Suppoſe he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,
VVhy I confeſſe it, but its my deſire,
To be as able to beſtow as hee,
And till I can my hart conſumes in fire.
O ſoueraigne glory, chiefeſt earthly good,
A Crowne! to which who would not wade through blood.
Then ruthles of his life doo I reſolue,

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To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke ſhall die, and Ennius raigne,
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.
Teares ſhall not hinder, praiers ſhall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I ſoone will ſeate mee.

Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars *his lame Porter in ruſtie armour, and a broken bill, the* Herrald *with a penſill and colours.*

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a ſouldier farre vnluſtie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour ruſtie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.
Porter: Friend make not thou ſo much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours ruſtines comes by peace,
A maimed ſouldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now queſtioning ceaſe.
Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your penſill and your colours braue?
Her: No Painter but a Herrald ſirrha to decipher a Gentleman from a knaue.
Raph: Pray ſir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one man, and yee can ſir, I pray you doo it in me.
Her: Indeed I cannot in thy ſelfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.
Raph: Sing one two and three, ſing after mee,
And ſo ſhall we right well agree.
Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth ſay,
His fooliſh humor you doo ſee,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.
Her: I am.
Soul: I ſhou'd haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentiſe, you were with colours ſo prouided.

In

In auntient times haue Heralds beene eſteemd,
And held companions for the greateſt Kings,
Auguſtus Cæſar made a law, ſo did Antonius too,
That without Herralds graue aduice Princes ſhoulde noth ing doo.
Her: VVell then was then, theſe times are as they be,
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare ſome office in a towne,
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?
Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs *I* intreate,
V Vhere might we finde adored Mars.
Her: From hence ſir you to Venus Court muſt paſſe,
Adowne the hill, the way is ſteepe, ſmooth, ſleeke as any glaſſe,
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aſke Niceues for ſhe beſt can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,
The ſtrongeſt cloſet dore is but of fethers made,
Ruſh boldly in, ſtand not to aſke and neuer be afraide.
Soul. At Venus Court ſir doe you ſay that Mars is to be found?
Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our harts it be a wound,
For ſearching as wee bid you ſir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you ſhall finde God Mars a ſleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.
This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither paſſe:
Tis dangerous, the hills too ſteepe and ſlipperie all as glaſſe.
Take this of me, the faireſt way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worſe and threaten more extreamitie.
Her: *I* thats for ſuch as thither paſſe,
Of pleaſure and of will:
But theſe for other purpoſe goe,
Doubt therefore ſir no ill,

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.
Ra: I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will:

You thinke it is a pleasant ieſt,
To tell the times of peace and reſt,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds ſhall decline,
Then ſhall they ſpeake of a ſtrange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
To ſee a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes ſhall be vnpeopled ſeene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vſe the thred and nall.
And ſo becauſe that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thankes I take my leaue.
Her: Adiew good ſir.
Por: Farewell vnto you both. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt *and* Venus.

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine beloude.
Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be ſpide too ſoone,
So ſhall our pleaſures haue a bitter end.
Prouide ſome place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt eſpie.
Cont: Sweet Venus be aſſurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylie ſcorne the place.
Venus: What iſt ſome Abbie or a Munnerie?
Con: No they abound with much hypocriſie.
Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers houſe?
Con: Too much reſort would there bewray your being.

Venus:

Ve. Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe.
Con: Neither of theſe, a Spittle louely Loue.
Ven: What where foule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their ſtinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.
Cont: Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them ſelues in euerie Spittle houſe,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.
Ven: But I haue ſeene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Againſt their child-birth ſo prouide for,
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vſed in that month.
And ſhall not Venus be as kindelie vſde.
Con: It muſt be as we may, Ile goe prouided
And ſpie my time ſlylie to ſteale thee hence. *Exit.*
Venus: Aware for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?
Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile.
VVheras between nifenes your maide & newfangle your man,
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than.
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art ſuch a Iacke,
That thou deuiſeſt fortie faſhions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,
For once a day for faſhion ſake my Lady muſt be ſicke,
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke ſhe wilbe bold.
To morrow cuffes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is ſhee barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on hir muffler goes,
Now is ſhee hufft vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe.
Theſe ſeuen yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind,
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.
Venus: And thou haſt found hir all alone, halfſickly by ill hap

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I ſee my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee,

Mars: And ſo they haue.

Venus: They are too Idle: ſoft Mars doe you ſee,

Mars: I ſee ſome ſawcie mates preſſe in: Nowe ſirs what would you haue?

Sat Be not offended ſir, we ſeeke God Mars.

Mars: VVhy and Mars haue you found ſir, whats your will with him?

Raph: Are you he I cry you mercie, I promiſe you I tooke you for a morris dauncer you are ſo trim.

Mars: VVhat ſayes the villaine?

Sa: If thou be Mars, the cauſe which makes me doubt, is that I ſee thy bodie lapt in ſoft ſilke which was wont to bee clad in hard ſteele, and thy head ſo childiſhlie laid on a womans lap. Pardon I humbly beſeech thee, the plainnes of thy poore ſeruant, and vouchſafe to read my poore petition.

He deliuers the petition, Mars *takes and reads it, meane vvhile* Venus *ſpeakes.*

Venus: Rough ſhaped ſouldier enemie to loue,
VVhy doſt thou thirſt ſo much for bloody warre,
wherein the ſtrong man by a ſtronger queld,
Or reacht far off by daſtard darters arme,
Breathes forth his ſpirite with a booteles cry,
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie:
By warre the *I*nfant trampled vnder ſteeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And ſhe is rauiſht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths ſtroake doth quaking ſtand.
The twice forſt virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiected at the mercie of the woolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie ſtayeth,
But ſtab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whoſe heads did beautifie their tender knees.
Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:
Sould: Faire Venus be propitious *I* will fight
to maintaine true loue and defend the right,
Venus: On that condition ſouldier *I* am won,
Receaue this fauour, Mars let it be done.
Mars: Sateros, *I* haue receiued thy ſupplication, and ſorrow *I* cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. *If* I ſhould oppoſe my ſelfe againſt the Gods, they would ſoone ſet fire on my ſeat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriſoned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wantonnes, in priſon, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is wonder; who once giuing way to libertie for thoſe he holds; ſhall ſet thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the Duke of Boœtia, commend vs to him, when he can he will imploy thee I am ſure, let that be thy anſwere for this time, and ſo good Sateros be contented.
Sat: *I* humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauen Venus *I* intreat.
Venus: Farewell pore ſouldier weare that for my ſake,
Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue *I* take.
Venus: And when goe you ſir?
Rabb: VVho *I*? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.
Mars: why what are you? get gone or *I* will ſend thee gone.
Raph: *I* pray you beare a while, gentle maſter mine,
And you ſhall heare my in ſpeech *I* warrant?
Venus: Goe too ſir foole, lets heare what you can ſay.
Raph: And ſhall *I* warrant yee to your coſt my Lady do-little,

Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontſt to croe by day,
And with thy ſharpned ſpurres
the crauen Cockes didſt kill and ſlay:
Sith now thou doſt but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay:

A dunghill Cocke that crees by night,
ſhall ſtilie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
ſhall carrie her away.
And ſhe by him ſhall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
thou ſhalt the better learne:
When thou ſhalt onelie letters fiue
within one name diſcerne,
Three vowels and two conſonants,
vvhich vovvels if thou ſcan,
Doth ſound that vvhich to euerie place
conducteth euerie man.
Then call to minde this Propheeie,
for thats the baſtards name:
Then rouſe thy ſelfe, then reach thy ſword,
and win thy wonted fame.

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And ſo farewell fine Maſter and nice Dame. *Exit.*

Mars *riſes in a rage,* Venus *offers to ſtaie him.*

Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodſhed and with rage.
Venus: My Lord, my Loue.
Mars: Venus I am abuſde.
Venus: VVhy will yee truſt a foole when he ſhall ſpeake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?
Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.
Venus: Ayemee!
Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady truſt a ſouldier.
Make as if ſhee ſwounds.

Mars. VVhy faintſt thou Venus? why art thou diſtreſt?
Looke vp my loue, ſpeake Venus, ſpeake to me.
Venus: Nay let me die, ſith Mars hath wronged me,
Mars: Thou haſt not wrongd me, Mars beleeues it not,
Venus: Yes, yes, baſe Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are ſooth faſt words againſt pore Loue,
Mars: I will beleeue no words, they are all falſe:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.
Venus: Now comes your loue too late, firſt haue you ſlaine
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.
Mars: I will doe pennance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kiſſe, that haue bin ſo vnkinde,
Venus: And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?
Mars: I know it doth? ſweet forgiue my fault:
Venus: I will forgiue ye now ye beg ſo hard,
But truſt me next time Ile not be intreated.
Mars: Now haſt thou cheard my drooping thoughts ſweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one ſweet ſong, thy voice will rauiſh me.
Venus: Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie: Anone forſooth.
Venus: Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the reſt bring forth their Muſicke Mars intends to ſleepe.
Follie: I will forſooth. *Exit* Follie.
Mars: I thinke in deede that I ſhall quickly ſleepe,
Eſpecially with Muſicke and with ſong.

Enter Follie *with a Fife*, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, *and* Jealozie *with inſtruments, they play vvhile* Venus *ſings.*

Svveet are the thoughts that harbor full content,
Delightfull be the ioyes that knovv no care:
The ſleeps are ſound that are from dreames exempt,
Yet in theſe ſvveetes lies hid a ſecret ſnare,

Where loue is watcht by prying iealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wise.
Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a ſleepe.
Enter Contempt, and kiſſe Venus.
Sing: *Sleepe on ſecure, let care not tuch thy hart,*
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:
Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no ſuſpect by gazing may ariſe.

Venus: Hold on your Muſicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his ſleepie face.
Con: Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

Muſicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, *and making hornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

Mars: Why ſings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.
Follie *holds ſtill the Fife.*
Nay let the Fife play, els the Muſicke failes.
Follie *plaies againe.*
What ſtill ſo nere my eare, ſweet Venus ſing.
Sing: where is ſhe?
Out foole, what dous my head vpon thy knee?
Follie: Forſooth my Miſtris bid me.
Mars: Wheres Venus, ſpeake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer ſpeake againe except I ſee hir:
Mars is impatient, finde out Venus ſoone. *Exeunt duo.*
Or perriſh ſlaues, before my angrie wrath.
Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.
Mars: Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie. *Exit* Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.
Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me soole?
Follie: Forsooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.
Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my sight,
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres.
You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and sute himselfe in steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

I will purſue vnto the depth of hell.
Away with pittie, welcome *Ire* and Rage,
VVhich nought but Venus ruine ſhall aſſwage. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Sateros, *the* Scholler, *and* Raph Cobler.

Duke. Well doe I like your reaſoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferrde, the ſouldier ſhall not want,
But Sateros, yee muſt forbeare a while,
I cannot yet imploy ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court you ſhall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.
Sat: Thankes to your highnes.
Duke: Scholler lead him in.
Be kinde to him he is a ſouldier,
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe muſt haue pleaſant warre anon with beaſts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph: VVhen will theſe fellowes make an end.
Duke: Depart my frends, I haue a little buſines
VVith this pore man that doth attend to ſpeake with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wiſh yee vnderſtand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VVhich wiſh them ſhorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whoſe flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And quaintly romes your person nie,
willing to see it fall and die.
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid:
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reproue,
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faire and cleare:
He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee.
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good:
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meanes your noble Grace to kill:
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine.
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun:
I see that Emnius commeth nie,
My protestation quickly trie.
And if you finde as I haue saide,
That you should be by him betraide:
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,
So leaue I you to search the slaue. Exit

Enter Emnius *the Courtier.*

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport:
And I am sent from other of estate,
To pray your Grace to hast your wonted presence.
Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee:

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me,
Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.
Emnius. True my most Gratious Lord.
Duke. Suppose there were a traitrous foe of mine,
VVhat wouldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?
Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.
Duk: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie,
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be.
Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruite
That should content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.
Duke. I am right ioyous you are so resolude,
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince,
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
That secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?
Emnius. Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.
Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.
Emnius: A Dag my Lord?
Duk: I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag preparde for mee.
Emn: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beast?
Bearst thou these bullets for a foemans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
to reaue his life that giues thee life and breath?
Em: Gainst beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beastlie and abhominate,

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As he delights to ioy in trecherie,
Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile.
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, detertfull man of death,
And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.
Em: welcome my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes blesse.

The Duke raises him vp.

Du: Heauens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die.
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em: O that same Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the slaue,
And he once dead the Dukes death will *I* haue. *Exit.*

Enter Mercurie *vvith a Trumpet sounding, and two of* Venus *vvaiting maids, the one named* Ru, *the other* Ina, Ina *bearing a Child.*

Mer: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias* lust, hath long challenged a preheminence in heauen, and been adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discouered

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they both were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant: and ſince that, many other eſcapes conſidered. But laſtly and moſt eſpecially, her publike adulterie ſhe hath committed with that baſe monſter Contempt they haue all conſented, and to this decree firmed; that no more ſhall Venus poſſeſſe the title of a Goddeſſe, but be vtterly excluded the compaſſe of heauen: and it ſhalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the deteſted name of luſt, or ſtrumpet Venus: And whoſoeuer ſhall adore Contempt or intertaine him, ſhalbe reputed an enemie to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre ſhalbe rayſed againſt Beœtia, and victorie ſhall not fall on their ſide, till the Cabbin of Contempt be conſumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celeſtiall Synode.

Ru: Ill tidings for my Lady theſe.

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer: VVhat who are theſe?
I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru: Faith ſhe is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe ſhe had by Venus chaplin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina: And ſo are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer: Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the moſt part.

Ru. well for our maidenheads it ſkill not much.
For in the world I know are many ſuch.

Ina: I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but ſo.
And in our Ladies cauſe we doe intreate
to know, if that be true thou didſt proclaime?
Or was it ſpoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewſt to be her maides.

Mer: As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that *I* haue vttered.
The ſentence is ſet downe, Venus exilde,

And

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Ina: Ayme poore babe for thee.
Mer: Whoſe child is that you beare ſo tenderly?
Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.
Mer: O is it ſo, and whether beare you it?
Ina: To nurſe.
Mer: To whom?
Ru: Vnto ſecuritie.
Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye tell?
Ina: A girle it is.
Mer: Who were the godmothers?
Ru: We two are they.
Mer: Your names I craue.
Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.
Mer: And whether name I praie yee beares the girle?
Ina: Both hers and mine.
Mer: And who is godfather?
Ru: Ingratitude that is likewiſe the grandfather.
Mer: Ruina otherwiſe called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias luſt the mother,
Ru and Ina the godmothers,
Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,
And Securitie the nurſe,
Heeres a brood that all Boœtia ſhall curſe.
Well damſels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh
Will treade your yong one vnder foot.
Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mar: Now Mars thou ſeemeſt lyke thy ſelfe,
Thy womens weeds caſt off,
Which made thee be in heauen a ſcorne,
On earth a common ſcoffe.
Mars. O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazeſt forth this ſtrumpets iuſt reproofe?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

I would reuenge me of indignities:
Now Mercurie, I minde a prophesie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countrie to decay,
The bastards name he told me too,
But it was riddle-wise,
Helpe me to search it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wise,
When I should onely in a word
Fiue letters iust discerne
Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne:
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan,
And they would signifie the way
That guideth euery man.
Hast thou not heard of such a thing?

Mer: Yes, and dyd send that prophesie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar: Were they in deed, where are they now?
Ile search, Ile follow them.

Mer: Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found,
Ruina is the bastards name, R.N. the consonants,
V, I. and A. the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

Mars: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou hast resolud me
I wyll raise warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.

Mer: I will go and do my best for thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Raph: Tis true ô Duke, that I do say,

He

He still would make thy lyfe away.
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too simple and too trustie,
Warres shall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other sin,
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contept be set on fire
And wantonnes with lewd desire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to say,
But for the peoples sinnes, good princes oft are tane away.

Du: Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.*

Sch: He raues my Lord, its ill aduisd of you
To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.

Du: His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, murther, Raph comes running out, Ennius after him with his dagger drawen, after Ennius Zelota the Coblers wife, who snatches the dagger from Ennius, and runs raging.

Ze: What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?
There, there Raph, put it vp.

She stabs Ennius, and he fals dead.

Why so? She stands againe sodainly amazde.
What so? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a fayre peece of worke.

Du; Lay holde on them, what violence is this,
To haue one murdred euen before our presence?

 Sch: What

Sch: What cause hadst thou to kill this Gentleman?

Zel: None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No faith shees mad, & has beene euer since I was a prophet, and cause she sawe a dagger without a sheath, she euen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance hast thou with this womā?

Raph: O Lord sir, she has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine eares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his consent, Twere good they both did suffer punishment.

Du: Commit them both, but she has long bin mad, It may be heauen reserud her to this end.

Sch: Come sirra, you and your wife must goe to ward; Till you be tride for cleerenes or consent.

Raph: O sir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedy has serud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and sayd shee should not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I must euen be hangd for companie.

Exeunt With the Cobler and his wife some beare out Ennius bodie.

Du: I doe not gesse the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iust heauens in theyr seueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Messenger.

Sch: Here is a messenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet state.

Du: What are they fellow, let vs heare thē speak. Spare not

Mess: The Argiues and the men of Thessaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coast, They burne, wast, spoyle, kill, murther, make no spare, Of feeble age, or harmlesse infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boœtia, And make your Highnes vassall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The people fall before them as the flowring graſſe
The mower with his ſyth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your ſtate,
Elſe you, they, it, will ſoone be ruinate.
Du: I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities ſhall giue conſents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muſter vp the people with all ſpeed, *Exit Duke.*
Sch: Now ſee I that this ſimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refuſe the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned prieſts,
Raiſe vp ſome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breathe the purenes of their ſpirits,
And make him bolde to ſpeake and propheſie.

Enter Sateros the ſouldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you ſhall leade to field
The powers of Boætia gainſt his foes,
Are you prepard, and willingly reſolud?
Sat: Why you ſir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac ſimile*.
Sch: Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie,
The countrie needs our ſeruice and our counſell,
Ile doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Boætias honor.
Sat; Well I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art ſhould not armes reiect.
Sch: A bleſſed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

Enter haſtily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O ſir, I haue bin ſeeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praiſe my fortune thus to meete yee.

Sat: In good time ſir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promiſe ye.

Count: Lord ſir, and you bee aduiſde, I was one of them that reaſoned before contempt, when you defended war, another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede ſuch a reaſoning, before that vile monſter Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord ſir yes, by that token we went afterward to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was not able to reache commons, and ſo was caſhierd out of your companie.

Count: Twas againſt my will I faith, ye ſawe I was another mans gueſt.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whats your buſines wyth me now, that you ſeeke for me ſo haſtily?

Count: Marie ſir there is warres toward, do ye not heare on it?

Sat: Thats to too ſure.

Count: And I feare by reaſon of my wealth I ſhall bee choſen for a Captaine ouer ſome Companies.

Sat: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre you to ſerue in my place. Ile pleaſe ye well.

Sat. The Duke wantes men ſir, and therefore muſt yee ſerue your ſelfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fitting your perſon. You offer me monie, why man Ile deale kindly with ye, ye ſhal haue ſome of me, here take it, be not nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horſe and furniture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the buſines askes ſpeed.

Count: Bu

Count: But I hope ye will not deale ſo with me?

Sat: But I am ſure I will, therefore diſpatch on perill of your life.

Count: Why what a life is this, that ſuch as I muſt ſerue? A ſhame on warres for me that ere they were, *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other priſoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

Raph: What ſouldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are theſe?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we ſhal haue wars, we are all ſet at libertie, and ſent to you to be traild vp.

Sat: Why wert in priſon?

Raph: I faith I propheſied ſo long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer that's flatte, after I haue done beeing a ſouldier, Ile to cobling againe.

Sat. So doeſt thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Priſ. Faith ſir for nothing but riding another mans horſe.

Sat: That was but a ſmall matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had ſtollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri: Faith thats euen the truth on it.

Sat; I thinke you all haue bin of ſuch condition,
But now betake you to another courſe,
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwiſe your deeds deſerued death,
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
Death on the next tree without all remiſſion,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and ſerue as true men ſhould?
All: I, I, I.
Raph: I am ſure ye take me for none of their vumber.
Sat: No Raph, thou ſhalt be ſtill with mee,
I haue an hoaſt of worthie ſouldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.
Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt, Venus following him, hee puſhing her from him twice or thrice.

Cont; Awaie thou ſtrumpet, ſcandall of the world,
Cauſe of my ſorrow, author of thy ſhame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
Fit ſhroude to hide thy luſtfull bodie in,
Whoſe faire's diſtaind with foule adulterous ſin.
Ven: Ah my Content, proue not ſo much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To deſart to the dens of furious beaſts,
I will deſcend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me ſome comfort haue.
Contempt ſtill turnes from Venus.
What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart ſome life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but ſcornes, diſdaines?
Woe to my pleaſures that haue brought theſe paines.
Haue I for this ſet light the God of warre,
Againſt whoſe frownes nor death nor heauen can ſtande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all bleſſednes.
Haue I for this loſt honor and renowme,
Become a ſcandall to the vulgar world,

And thus to be repaide? ah breake my hart,
Had all these euils falne vpon my head,
And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vile with Contempt.
Con: Shape of confusion, mirrour of deceit,
Faire forme with foule deformities defilde,
Know that I am Contempt in natures scornefull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I ioyde in glorie and account,
Disdainde all vertue, and contemnd all vice,
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.
And now the wauing of my greatnesse comes,
Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars affected,
And I that all despisde am now reiected.
For which I thee reiect, disdaine and hate,
VVishing thee die a death disconsolate.
Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardles.
Thou art the abiects wretch aliue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being.
Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
Leaue to solicite him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride
I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
This loathed trunke despisd and abhord, *Exit.*

She offers to follow, he drines her backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mangled limbs,
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
VVhich when his fell stomacke is of hunger staunche,
Thou murdrer, Tyger, glutted with my faire,

Leauſt me forſaken, map of griefe and care.
O what is beauty humbled to the baſe,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obſcure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the ſwine are bought:
Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a ſhadow glides.
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
For me too late, for them fit time to learne,
The honour of a maid and conſtant wife,
One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
The laſt like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.
But the foule horror of a harlots name,
Euen of the Lecher counted as a ſcorne:
VVhoſe forhead beares the marke of hatefull ſhame,
Of the luſt-louer hated and forlorne.
O ſuch is Venus, ſo ſhall all ſuch bee
As vſe baſe luſt, and foule adulterie. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Prieſt, and Scholler: then compaſſe the ſtage, from one part let a ſmoke ariſe: at which place they all ſtay.

Pri: Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receiue the offrings of our humble harts
And bodies proſtrate on the lowly earth.
They all kneele downe.
Our ſinnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miſerie and warre:
But if repentant ſoules may purchaſe grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,
Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done,
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our preſumption, due obedience:

Loue

Loue for Contempt, and chaſtitie for luſt:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our ſinnes are caſt, and there conſume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen: Riſe from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Riſe vp yee Prieſts, Princes, and people riſe,
And heare the gladſome tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all riſe and caſt incenſe into the fire.

Duke: For that ſweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Caſt ſweeteſt incenſe into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That we may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

Meſſen: When Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our preſuming enemies:
And equall place was choſen for the field,
He ſent a Herrald, willing them reſtore,
The wrongs that in Boœtia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els reſolue on doubtfull chance of warre.
They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine.
Then was the ſignall giuen, and ſtremars red,
Menacing blood on either ſide aduaunde.
Drums, Fifes, and trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords.
Mars there ſhowd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke,
Duſt dimd the ſonnes light, and the powders ſmoke,
Seemd like thicke Clowds in ayre congluminate.
Thus was ſeauen houres conſumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, ſometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To ſound retreate, which made the hopefull Foe,

Pursue regardlesse our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
A fresh pursude their straglıng followers.
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cicle and the Reapers hand:
In briefe, some fled, most slaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Beœtia.

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence:

The Duke giues him his vpper garment.

Our selues will forward to salute our friends,
That fought for honour of Beœtia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie. *Exeunt.*

Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros *lead betweene* Mars *and* Mercurie, Raph Cobler *and his wife following, and other Souldiers.*

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we assisted thee,
Our true sworne soul'dier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Beœtian Duke hath heauen appeasde,
By firing false Contempt and loathed lust.
Mercurie the sonne and messenger of Ioue
With me shall passe vnto my warlike house.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to see thee, and requite thy paine.

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that he're knew your cõpany.

Mer: What mine man?

Raph: Yours, what reason had you to make my wife mad?
And so mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

Mer: It was the secret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros speak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remit his fault.

Sateros

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Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas,

Mars: Sateros vse him well.

Raph: Nere doubt you that; are yee bemembred since ye told him, if ye set your selfe against the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars: VVell what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue affoorded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too Raph, cease,

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo amisse,
Poore folke must hold their peace.

Mer: Mars shall we hence?

Mars: I, farewell Sateros. *Exeunt* Mars *and* Mercurie.

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: VVelcome braue souldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy leaps my words, I cannot speake my minde,
But in this triumph passe we to the Court,
VVhere you shall all receiue your due deserts.

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

Duke: I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then farewell the Court;
For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But since my mad wife, has chang'd her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet speaker,
Take cloutingleather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the gentle craft the Cobler.

Zelot: I Raph that will be fittest for vs.

Duke: Come Sateros let me ye honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And looke in worth our worthles sacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

Haue periſhed like Fume that flies from fire.
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes ſhall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counſell preuents, counſell preuailes in warre.
Sat: My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend.
Sch: Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.
Raph: I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt.
How ſaiſt thou Zelote is not that life beſt.
Duke: Then with due praiſe to heauen let vs depart,
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art. *Exeunt.*

Fortuna Crudelis.

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